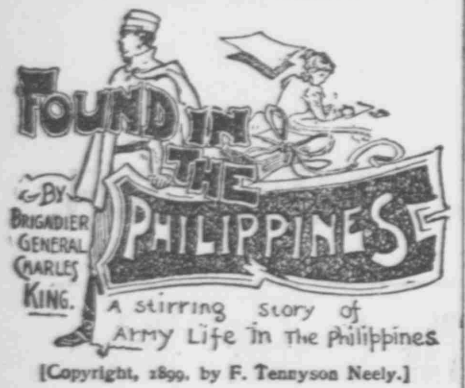


## WHO DIED WITHOUT A NAME.

How brief the stay, as beautiful as fleeting.  
The time that baby came with us to dwell;  
Just long enough to give a happy greeting,  
Just long enough to bid us all farewell.  
Death travels down the thickly settled  
highway.  
At shining marks they say he loves to aim;  
How did he find far down our lone byway,  
Our little girl who died without a name?  
We do not know the fond endearment  
spoken  
To which she listened when she fell  
asleep,  
And so beside a column that was broken  
We laid her to her slumber, calm and deep;  
We traced upon the stone with loving fingers  
These simple words, affection's tears to claim:  
"In dreams beyond all earthly sorrow linger  
Our little girl who died without a name."  
She sleeps serene where fragrant mossy  
willows  
In sweet and wordless tunes forever  
wave;  
Where summer seas, in long and fadeless  
billows,  
Break into bloom around her lonely grave.  
In memory's hall how many heroes slumber!  
We trace their deeds upon the scroll of fame!  
I treasure far above the mighty number  
Our little girl who died without a name.  
—Alonso Leora Rice, in Boston Transcript.



## CHAPTER IV.

The review that morning had drawn a crowd to the drill grounds that baffled the efforts of the guards. Carriages from camps and carriages from town, carts from the suburbs, equestrians from the parks and pedestrians from everywhere had gradually encroached within kicking distance of the heels of the cavalry escorting the general commanding the department, and that official noted with unerring eye that the populace was coming up on his flanks, so to speak, at the moment when the etiquette of the service required that he should be gazing only to his immediate front and responding to the salutes of the marching column. Back of him, ranged in long, single rank, was drawn up what the newspapers unanimously described as a "brilliant" staff, despite the fact that all were in somber campaign uniform and several had never been so rated before. In their rear, in turn, was the line of mounted orderlies and farther still the silent rank of the escorting troop. Sentries had been posted to keep the throng at proper distance, but double their force could have accomplished nothing—the omniscient corporal could not help them, and after asking one or two stray officers what they would do about it, the sentries gave way and the crowd swarmed in. It was just as the head of the long tramping column came opposite the reviewing point, and the brigade commander and his staff, turning out after saluting, found their allotted station on the right of the reviewing party completely taken up by the mass of eager spectators. A minute or so was required before the trouble could be remedied, for just as the officers and orderlies were endeavoring to induce the populace to give way—a thing the American always resists with a gay good humor that is peculiarly his own—a nervous hack driver on the outskirts backed his bulky trap with unexpected force, and penned between it and the wheels of a newly-arrived and much more presentable equipage a fair equestrian who shrieked with fright and clung to her pommel as her excited "mount" lurched out with his heels and made splinters of the hack's rear-most spokes and fellows. Down went the hack on its axle point. Out sprang a tall officer from the open carriage, and in a second, it seemed, transferred the panic-stricken horsewoman from the seismic saddle to the safety of his own seat, and the ministrations of the two young women and the gray-haired civilian who were the latest arrivals. This done, and after one quick glance at the lady's helpless escort, a young officer from the Presidio, he shouldered his way through the crowd and stood, presently, on its inner edge, an unperturbed and most interested spectator. Battalion after battalion, in heavy marching order, in the dark blue service dress, with campaign hats and leggings, with ranks well closed and long, well-aligned fronts, with accurate trace of the guides and well-judged distance, the great regiments came striding down the gentle slope, conscious, every officer and man, if the admiration they commanded. Armstrong, himself commander of a fine regiment of volunteers in another brigade, looked upon them with a soldier's eye, and looked approvingly. Then, as the rear-most company passed the reviewing point and gentlemen with two stars on each shoulder extended their congratulations to the reviewed commander with one, Armstrong also made his way among the mounted officers in his calm, deliberate fashion, heedless of threatening heels and crowding forehands, until he, too, could say his word of cordial greeting. He had to wait a few minutes, for the general officers were grouped and talking earnestly. He heard a few words and knew well enough what was meant—that quantities of stores intended for the soldiers, even dainties contributed by the Red Cross society, had been stolen from time to time and spirited off in the dead of night, and doubtless sold in town for the benefit of a pack of unknown scoundrels enlisted for no better purpose. In his own regiment, as a review had been so strict that no

loss was discoverable, but in certain others the deficit was great. Complaints were loud, and the camp commander, stung possibly by comments from the city, had urged his officers to unusual effort, and had promised punishment to the extent of the law on the guilty parties whenever or wherever found.

Even as he was exchanging a word with the brigadier, Armstrong heard the exclamation: "By Jove—they've caught another!" for with a grim smile of gratification the camp commander had read and turned over to his adjutant general a brief dispatch just handed him by a mounted orderly who had galloped fast.

"One of our irreproachable, Armstrong," said one of the staff, with something half sneer, half taunt, as he too read and then passed the paper to the judge advocate of the division.

Armstrong turned with his usual deliberation. There was ever about him a quiet dignity of manner that was the delight of his friends and despair of his foes.

"What is his name?" he calmly asked.

"That young fellow at Canker's headquarters you took so much interest in a day or so ago," was the reply.

"That does not give his name—nor identify him as one of my men," said Armstrong, coolly.

"Oh, well, I didn't say he belonged to your command," was the staff officer's response. "You devoted a good deal of time to him, that's all. Possibly you suspected him."

"If you mean the young soldier in Gordon's office,—teenth infantry, I would be slow to suspect him of any crime," said Armstrong, with something almost like a drawl, so slow and deliberate was his manner, and now the steel gray eyes and the fair, clear-cut face were turned straight upon the snapping black eyes and dark features of the other. There was no love lost there. One could tell without so much as seeing.

"You're off, then! That commissary sergeant gave him away the very evening you were looking him over—he got wind of it and skipped, and to-day came back in handcuffs."

"All of which may be as you say, and still not warrant your reference to him as one of my irreproachable," answered Armstrong, "and it will take more than the evidence you refer to to make me believe him guilty."

By this time much of the crowd and most of the vehicles had driven away. The generals still sat in saddles chatting earnestly together, while their staff officers listened in some impatience to the conversation just recorded. Everybody knew the fault was not Armstrong's, but it was jarring to have to sit and hearken to the controversy. "Don't ever twit or try funny business with Armstrong," once said a regimental sage. He had no sense of humor—of that kind. Those who best knew him knew that Armstrong never tolerated unjust accusations, great or small. In his desire to say an irritating thing to a man he both envied and respected, the staff officer had not confined himself to the facts, and it proved a boomerang. It was true that two days before, calling at Gordon's official tent while several other officers were present at an investigation then going on, Armstrong was seen to be greatly interested in the appearance and testimony of Gordon's young, dark-eyed clerk, and after the conference asked many questions about and finally asked to speak with him. Then young Morton was again missing when he was wanted, and the next heard of him he was either absent without leave—or a deserter.

And now once again Armstrong's eyes had lighted on that boy. Seated opposite Miss Lawrence as the carriage whirled across Point Lobos avenue, and watching her unobtrusively, he saw the sudden light of alarm and excitement in her expressive face, heard the faint exclamation as her gloved hand grasped the rail of the seat, felt the quick sway of the vehicle as the horses shied in fright at some object beyond his vision. Then as they dashed on he had seen the running guard and, just vanishing within the portals of the corner building, the slim figure of the escaping prisoner. He saw the quivering hands tearing at their fastenings. He knew he had seen that figure before now. He turned to the driver and bade him stop a minute, but it took 50 yards of effort before the spirited horses could be calmed and brought to a halt at the curb. To the startled inquiries of Mr. Prime and his daughter as to the cause of the excitement and the running and shouting he answered simply: "A prisoner escaped, I think," and sent a passing corporal to inquire the result. The man came back in a minute.

"They got him easy, sir. He had no show. His hands were tied behind his back and he couldn't climb," was the brief report.

"They have not hurt him, I hope," said Armstrong.

"No, sir. He hurt them—one of 'em, at least, before he'd surrender when they nabbed him in town. This time he submitted all right—said he only ran in for a glass of beer, and was laughing-like when I got there."

"Very well. That'll do. Go on, driver. We haven't a minute to lose if we are to see the review," he continued, as he stepped lightly to his seat. "I saw nothing of this affair," said Miss Prime.

"What was it all about?"

"Nor could I see," added her father. "I heard shouts and after we passed saw the guard, but no fugitive."

"It is just as well—indeed, I'm glad you didn't, uncle," answered Miss Lawrence, turning even as she spoke and gazing wistfully back. "He looked so young, and seemed so desperate, and had such a—I don't know—hunted look on his face—poor fellow."

For this, for hardly had they reached the bend in the road that brought them in full view, from the left, or southern flank, of the long line of masses in which the brigade was formed, than there came cantering up to them, all gay good humor, all smiles and saucy coquetry, their hostess of the evening at the general's tent. She was mounted on a sorry-looking horse, but the "habit" was a triumph of art, and it well became her petite, rounded figure.

No one who really analyzed Mrs. Frank Garrison's features could say that she was a pretty woman. No one who looked merely at the general effect when she was out for conquest could deny it. Col. Armstrong, placidly observant as usual, was quick to note the glances that shot between the cousins on the rear seat as the little lady came blithely alongside. He knew her, and saw that they were beginning to be as wise as he, for the smiles with which they greeted her were but wintry reflections of those that beamed upon her radiant face. Prime, paterfamilias, bent cordially forward in welcome, but her quick eyes had recognized the fourth occupant by this time, and there was a little less of assurance in her manner from that instant.

"How perfectly delicious!" she cried. "I feared from what you said yesterday you weren't coming, and so I never ordered the carriage, but came out in saddle—I can't stay on horseback with such a wreck as this, but every decent horse in the Presidio had to go out with the generals and staffs, you know, and I had to take what I could get—both horse and escort," she added, in a confidential tone. "Oh!—May I present Mr. Ellis?" He knows you all by name already. (The youth in attendance and a McClellan tree two sizes too big for him, lifted his cap and strove to smile; he had ridden nothing harder than a park hack before that day). "Frank says I talk of nothing else. But where's Mr. Gray? Surely I thought he would be with you." This for Armstrong's benefit in case he were in the least interested in either damsel.

"Mr. Gray was detained by some duties in camp," explained Miss Prime, with just a trace of reserve that was lost upon neither their new companion nor the colonel. It settled a matter the placid officer was revolving in his mind. "Pardon us, Mrs. Garrison," he said, briefly. "We must hurry. Go on, driver."

"Oh, I can keep up," was the indomitable answer, "even on this creature." And Mrs. Garrison proved her words by whipping her steed into a lunging canter, and, sitting him admirably, rode gallantly alongside, and just where Mr. Prime could not but see and admire, since Col. Armstrong would not look at all. He had entered into an explanation of the ceremony by that time well under way, and Miss Lawrence's great soft brown eyes were fixed upon him attentively when, perhaps, she should have been gazing at the maneuvers. Like those latter, possibly, her thoughts were changing direction.

Not ten minutes later occurred the collision between the hack and the heels that resulted in the demolition of one and "demoralization" of the rider of the victor. While the latter was led away by the obedient Mr. Ellis lest the sight of him should bring on another nervous attack, Mrs. Garrison was suffering herself to be comforted. Her nerves were gone, but she had not lost her head. Lots of Presidio dames and damsels were up on the heights that day in such vehicles as the post afforded. None appeared in anything so stylish and elegant as the carriage of the Prime party. She was a new and comparative stranger there, and it would vastly enhance her social prestige, she argued, to be seen in such "swell" surroundings. With a little tact and management she might even arrange matters so that, willy nilly, her friends would drive her thither instead of taking Col. Armstrong back to camp. That would be a stroke worth playing. She owed Stanley Armstrong a bitter grudge, and had nursed it long. She had known him ten years and hated him nine of them. Where they met and when it really matters not. In the army people meet and part in a hundred places when they never expected to meet again. She had married Frank Garrison in a hand gallop, said the Garrison chronicles, "before she had known him two months," said the men, "before he knew her at all," said the women. She was four years his senior, if the chaplain could be believed, and five months his junior if she could. Whatever might have been the discrepancy in their ages at the time of the ceremony no one would suspect the truth who saw them now. It was he who looked aged and careworn and harassed, and she who preserved her youthful bloom and vivacity.

And now, as she reclined as though still too weak and shaken to leave the carriage and return to saddle, her quick wits were planning the scheme that should result in her retaining, and his losing, the coveted seat. There was little time to lose. Most of the crowd had scattered, and she well knew that he was only waiting for her to leave before he would return. Almost at the instant her opportunity came. A covered wagon reined suddenly alongside, and kind and sympathetic voices hailed her: "Do let us drive you home, Mrs. Garrison; you must have been terribly shaken." She recognized at once the wife and daughter of a prominent officer of the post.

"Oh, how kind you are," she cried. "I was hoping some one would come. Indeed, I did get a little wretched." And then, as she moved, with a sudden gasp of pain, she clasped Miss Lawrence's extended hand.

"Indeed, you must not move, Mrs. Garrison," said that young lady. "We will drive you home at once." Miss Prime and her father were adding their pleas. She looked up, smiling faintly. "I fear I must trouble you," she faltered. "Oh, how stupid of me! But about Stanley Armstrong—I haven't even thanked him. Ah, well—he knows. We've been—such good friends for years—dear old fellow!"

[To Be Continued.]

## HONORING HER SON.

The Mother of Robert Louis Stevenson at a Memorial Meeting in Edinburgh.

Perhaps the first person to believe in the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was his mother. She was devotedly attached to him throughout his life and realized his value to the world long before the world gave him a hearing. It was her lot to live to mourn his death, but she was comforted in her trouble by the sympathy of two nations.

Some time after his death a great memorial meeting was held in Edinburgh. For his mother, says the author of "Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," it was a gala day. She started for Music hall not too early, feeling sure of a seat with a "reserved ticket" in her hand. She had declined to sit on the platform and preferred to be a simple unit in the audience.

The crowd was beyond expectations. Mrs. Stevenson arrived to find every passage blocked and a surging mass at the main entrance clamoring for admittance.

She feared that she, with them, would be turned away; but as a forlorn hope she appealed to a policeman.

"It's nae use, it's fu'," he said; "reserve seats were ta'en an hour ago by folks that had nae tickets, and they would nae gang out."

"I must get in!" cried Mrs. Stevenson, roused out of her usual calm. "I've a right to get in. I am Robert Louis Stevenson's mother."

"Aye, you've the best right," the policeman replied, and turning to the crowd he cried:

"Mak' way, there. She maun get in. She's Robert Louis' mither."

People who had thought themselves packed too tightly to move, somehow packed closer and let Mrs. Stevenson squeeze past.

Breathless, hustled, and for once with her mantle and bonnet a little awry, much against her will the crowd pushed her to the platform. There she hastened to take a back seat, and a few minutes later she heard the orator of the day, Lord Rosebery, say with an emphasis which the audience understood well: "His mother is here."—Youth's Companion.

## IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Story of a Stone That Was Believed to Possess a Pernaicious Power.

On Inishkea a particular family handed down from father to son a stone called the Ne-ogue (probably part of some image), with which the owners used to make the weather to their liking. One day a party of tourists visited Inishkea, heard of the Ne-ogue, saw it and wrote about it in the papers. The priest in whose parish Inishkea lay either had not known of this survival of paganism or thought that no one else knew of it, but when the thing was made public he decided to act. So he visited the island, took the Ne-ogue and broke it up into tiny fragments and scattered them to the four winds. The priest was sacrosanct, but the islanders vowed vengeance, and an unfortunate man of science who had lived some time among them was pitched upon as certainly the person who had made the story public. This man after some time returned to complete his investigations at Inishkea and was warned of danger; but he laughed at the idea, and said the people were his very good friends, as indeed they had been. However, he was hardly out of the boat before they fell upon him and beat him so that he never completely recovered—indeed, died in consequence of his injuries some years later.

Probably a like fate would befall anyone who touched the cursing stone on Tory, which was "turned on" the Wasp gunboat after she brought a posse of balliffs there to levy county cess; and, as every one knows, the Wasp ran on Tory and lost every soul on board. Only the other day I heard that a fish buyer stationed there displeased the people; the owner of the stone "turned it on him," and a month after the buyer's wife committed suicide.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Vain Regrets. Reginald O'Rafferty—Since I learned to love you, Angelina, I almost wish I'd never learnt to smoke. It takes so much money to satisfy me cravin' fer cigarettes dat I'm 'fraid I'll never save enough ter git married.—N. Y. Journal.

Not Worrying. Mamma—Don't eat any more candy, Johnny. You won't be able to eat any dinner.

Johnny—You ought to know more about my appetite than that, mamma.—Brooklyn Life.

A New Definition. Freddie—What's a laughing-stock, dad?

Cobwigger—The necktie a man's wife buys him.—Town Topics.

## PORTO RICAN BILL.

Text of the Measure Which Has Been Enacted Into Law By the House and Senate.

Washington, March 17.—The text of the Porto Rican bill passed by the senate is as follows:

"Be it enacted, etc. That the sum of \$2,095,455, being the amount of customs revenue received on importations by the United States from Porto Rico since the evacuation of Porto Rico by the Spanish forces on the 18th of October, 1898, to the 1st of January, 1900, shall be placed at the disposal of the president, to be used for the government now existing and which may hereafter be established in Porto Rico, and for public education, public works and other governmental and public purposes therein, and the said sum, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated for the purposes herein specified, out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated."

## GENERAL WAR BOARD.

The Secretary of the Navy Decides to Appoint One to Consider Plans of Campaign in Case of War.

Washington, March 17.—The secretary of the navy has determined to appoint a general board to meet once a month and consider general plans of campaign to be used in case of war. This the outgrowth of studies which Capt. H. C. Taylor has been pursuing in years past at the naval war college. The plans will correspond somewhat with the strategic board, which was in existence during the Spanish-American war, and it is intended to meet the demands of the modern theories of preparedness for war. Adm. Dewey is to be at the head of the board, on which also probably will be the chief of the bureau of navigation and representatives of the war college and the office of naval intelligence.

## FEAR OUR COMPETITION.

German Agricultural Implement Makers Alarmed Over American Exhibits at the Exposition.

Washington, March 17.—Frank G. Mason, consul general at Berlin, reports to the state department that "the Central Union of German Industrialists" has taken steps to forestall the American exhibitors of agricultural machinery at Paris in their purpose to hold a special exhibition at Moscow at the close of the Paris exposition. The German association of agricultural implement manufacturers has sent out circulars to all manufacturers pointing out the serious danger which is threatened by the American exhibition to the present large and important German trade in agricultural implements in Russia. Mr. Mason says that the German exposition will open four or five months in advance of the American exposition.

## MINTS WILL BE BUSY.

Twenty Million Dollars is to Be Added to the Stock of Subsidiary Coin.

Washington, March 17.—The mints of the United States will be busy for some time to come in undertaking to carry out the provision of the act that has just become law and that permits the secretary of the treasury to add \$20,000,000 to the stock of subsidiary coinage. The authority to coin silver of the smaller denominations has been obtained specifically from time to time, but has been restricted to small amounts, the supporters of the free coinage of silver having systematically resisted the increase of the supply of minor silver.

## ADDING TO OUR NAVY.

The House Committee Decides on the Number of New Warships—No New Gunboats.

Washington, March 17.—The house committee on naval affairs has reached a definite and final decision as to the number of warships to be authorized in the forthcoming naval appropriation bill as follows: Two seagoing coast-line battle ships, of about 13,500 tons each, to cost approximately \$3,600,000 each; three armored cruisers of the highest practical speed and most powerful armor and armament, to cost approximately \$4,000,000 each; three protected cruisers, to cost about \$1,141,000 each. It was determined not to provide any gunboats.

## Right to Send a War Vessel.

Berlin, March 17.—Referring to the attacks on American missionaries in China, and to the orders issued by the United States to Adm. Watson to send a warship to Taku to look after the interest of the missionaries, a high official of the German foreign office said: "Germany does not claim authority over the entire Shantung peninsula, and the United States has a perfect right to send a ship there for the protection of American citizens."

## Heavy Snow in Texas.

Dallas, Tex., March 17.—The heaviest snow storm in many years is now falling over North Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Many places report six inches of snow, and much suffering of live stock is expected owing to the lateness of the season.

## Miners Given an Advance.

Greensburg, Pa., March 17.—Miners employed at the works of Coulter & Huff in this locality will be given an advance of 10 per cent. on April 1. There will be about 5,000 affected. The advance comes unsolicited.

## Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scurfula Salt Rheum  
Scald Head Boils, Pimples  
All kinds of Humor Psoriasis  
Blood Poisoning Rheumatism  
Catarrh Malaria, Etc.

All of which are prevalent at this season.

You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine

## MOTIVES MISUNDERSTOOD.

How the Uproarious Hilarity of a Swell Young Man Struck a Hotel Clerk.

There is a young business man who has more hosiery than he knows what to do with. He was quite recently on a business trip, and happened to stop for a couple of days in Philadelphia. He wanted to get some advertising, but he was not fixed to pay for it, and he had read about the "king of the dukes" and other freaks who manage to get some brief notoriety because of their antics. He had ten dollars to spare on a scheme, and he accordingly went to a bargain sale at which they had a lot of last summer socks at 50 cents a pair. He spent the money on these things, and he went out of his way to get the most outrageous combinations of color and the most bizarre effects that were in the place. He succeeded wonderfully. He had socks which made the asphalt sidewalks curl as they do under extreme heat. His extremities fairly shrieked. Then he spent the day in the corridor of the hotel sitting in a conspicuous place showing off the socks. He would wear a pair for about 30 minutes, go to his room, change, and, coming down, show off another design for about the same time. He did this for almost ten hours, and naturally attracted quite a good deal of attention. That was what he wanted, but he could not break into the newspapers. The clerk when he was paying his bill said:

"You ought to patent that invention."

"What's that?" asked the sock man with an anticipatory smile, as he expected something complimentary about his scheme.

"Don't you do that for cold feet?"—Pittsburgh Daily News.

Was All Face.

The governor general of Canada, while enjoying a drive in the keen, frosty air, met an Indian who was very lightly clad. From mere curiosity he stopped the sleigh when opposite the Indian and asked him how it was he could withstand the cold under so light a covering. The Indian, without a moment's hesitation, answered by asking:

"How your face not cold?"

The governor general explained in his simplest English how it was that the skin of his face having been exposed to the weather always, it naturally had hardened. The Indian waited till the white man was through, then, with an utterly expressionless countenance, he said:

"Me all face," and went his way.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Backaches of Women

are wearying beyond description and they indicate real trouble somewhere.

Efforts to bear the dull pain are heroic, but they do not overcome it and the backaches continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

does this more certainly than any other medicine. It has been doing it for thirty years. It is a woman's medicine for woman's ills. It has done much for the health of American women. Read the grateful letters from women constantly appearing in this paper.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Planning to Paper This Spring?

There is nothing that will so completely transform your HOME in point of HEALTH and BEAUTY as our

SELECT WALL PAPER.

We carry ALL the latest designs in paper, from 10c to 50c per roll. Our prices are so low that you can afford to have your home completely transformed. ALL grades of paper, from the most expensive to the most economical. A full line of "ready-made" papers, all charges prepaid. Free delivery in city and suburbs.

Our Spring Catalogue of 1,000 pages, illustrating new designs in SATURDAY MORNING, will be sent to you free of charge, simply by returning this card to us.

Established JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY, 150 to 160 West Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Order by this No. 11 13